

CLEARING HOUSE FOR WOMEN PHYSICIANS' WAR WORK

By NINA CARTER MARBOURG

AT 637 Madison Avenue are the offices of the American Women's Hospitals, an association organized by the War Service Committee of the Medical Women's National Association.

The American Women's Hospitals is unique in several respects, but first of all it is the only place in the United States that is a clearing house for all women physicians who may register as willing to do war service either at home or abroad. So quietly has the movement been carried forward that little is known outside of medical circles of the splendid work these women are doing.

The association was formed shortly after the return of Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton from France and Serbia, where her notable services were recognized by a decoration presented by the Serbian government. When in Europe Dr. Morton was so impressed with the activities of the Scottish Women's Hospitals and the British Medical Women that she determined to form an association along these lines. As a result the American Women's Hospitals has been organized, with the approval of the Surgeon General of the Army and of Dr. Richard Pearce, director general of the department of military relief of the American Red Cross.

At the present time there are thirty-two women physicians and ten lay workers who have sailed under the auspices of the American Women's Hospitals and under the direction of the Red Cross. Those who attended the sailings of steamers on October 14 and 22, November 9 and 16, December 15, and February 9 and 17 may have seen the uniformed women physicians sailing from the A. W. H. to report at the Red Cross headquarters in Paris.

At the present time there are two thousand physicians registered as ready to do war work either here or abroad, and in considering our duties across the water this association has not forgotten the United States, for constantly there are coming in requests for physicians in different parts of this country.

Recently the American Women's Hospitals received a call for a physician to serve as medical examiner of the women working in the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company's plant at Carney's Point, Penn. Also the Ohio Valley Hospital at Wheeling, W. Va., has sent to them for women internes. These have been supplied.

Dr. Marion C. Stevens, dentist, sailed with

the first group of women to leave the United States from the association. Dr. Stevens now writes from Aisle, Cazeruede, Luxemburg, that her work is chiefly with the five hundred refugee children in this section, and they were near enough the firing line at the time of her letter to see many aeroplanes and to hear the boom of the cannon.

Dr. Keys and Dr. Flood, of Buffalo, who sailed at the same time, report that they have been sent to the devastated regions of Serbia. Dr. Ethel Heard spent some time in Paris in a laboratory doing X-ray work and has now been assigned to the hospital in Chalon-sur-Marne, where she is doing obstetrical work and also is in charge of the X-ray machine. Dr. Bancroft has been assigned to a clinic in Paris; Dr. Helen Woodruff has charge of a clinic in the Latin Quarter, while Dr. Esther Blair has been held in Paris to report on institutions for defective children, and then is to be sent to a devastated region to do reconstruction duty. Drs. Dorothy and Florence Child, of Philadelphia, are in Avion doing clinical and hospital work.

So these women sail away in groups or singly as they are requisitioned to carry on medical work on the other side. There is not a branch in the medical profession in which women are not engaged, and the list that the American Women's Hospitals has of physicians ready to sail is extremely comprehensive.

But this is by no means the extent of the activities of the A. W. H., for the committee, whose chairman is Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton, leaves no stone unturned to extend their services to any place where they are needed. It was through the American Women's Hospitals that the first travelling laboratory was fitted out, to go to stricken Serbia, where it will be of inestimable value, inasmuch as there are no base hospitals in that country, and the laboratory can follow up the army and do work wherever needed. Mrs. Frederick Ferris Thompson aided in financing the laboratory, but it was cleared through the A. W. H.

All of the two thousand women who have registered for medical service during the war are not able to go abroad, some by reason of age, others on account of family duties, and still others are not physically strong enough to endure the strain. But for these women who remain at home work has been planned. Every woman physician or dentist in the United States may do her "bit" for humanity



Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton, the prime mover in the organizing of this movement

without leaving her office or home during the war, if she so desires.

For instance, there are three hundred woman dentists in the United States who, for the last two and a half months, have been donating their services to the government. The chairman of this committee, Dr. De Lam Kinney, has been devoting many hours each day to putting the teeth of soldiers in condition. Dr. Kinney has done much dentistry at the Army General Hospital No. 1 for the thousands of soldiers going into camp and abroad, and it is in such work that the three hundred woman dentists are assisting.

Then there are the members of soldiers' families who need attention. The type of person who has been used to going to the clinic is not included under this head, but those who have been accustomed to private attention and find their funds too low to be able to afford proper medical attendance are looked after by those women physicians who are listed in the division for the care of dependants of soldiers. This problem has been solved by enlisting the aid of the women in thirty-eight states who are willing to give at least an hour a day gratuitously or for an especially small and considerate "soldier's rate." In the majority of cases no fee is accepted.

One line of work that is decidedly important, but which does not come much to the notice of the public, is done in the clinical laboratories. The chairman of this committee, Dr. Martha Wollstein, of New York, has formed a committee of the leading woman pathologists throughout the United States. These women are recommended for service as bacteriologists, pathologists and laboratory technicians. Fifteen requests have come to the American Women's Hospitals to supply as many bacteriologists for zones surrounding cantonnments and camps, and recently the word has come from Washington that only women will be sent abroad for this service. The Red Cross has undertaken to guard the food and water supply of these districts, and as a result a great deal of this laboratory work must be done.

As the internment of the enemy aliens in the United States increases, especially if they are interned with their families, the physicians of this association may be called on to work in those zones. The plan has been formed and can be put into active operation in twenty-four hours to send out physicians

to be established in these areas. These women, speak German, Hungarian or Turkish, are of undoubted loyalty to the United States, and will be of especial value in such cases.

This association has even gone so far as to have in readiness equipment for hospitals that may be established here for the care of convalescent cases of men returning from the war. There is a committee on army hospitals in the home zone, of which Dr. Almira Smith, of Boston, is chairman. In Boston two hospitals are in readiness for convalescent cases. The Women's Army General Hospital of New York has its personnel and equipment recorded in the War Department in Washington. They have been told by Surgeon General Gorgas that they will be notified when this is needed and that it has the same status as other army hospitals in the home zone. This equipment is ready when it is needed and may be set up wherever the site is selected by the government.

The American Women's Hospitals is working constantly in close connection with the Red Cross, which sends to them for names and credentials of woman physicians and asks for women in every branch of service that has to do with medical science—and they get what they ask for.

Among the woman physicians who have sailed are those who have occupied such important posts as Dr. Blair, of Pittsburgh, resident in charge of the Children's Hospital of Staten Island and for sixteen years superintendent of the women's wards of the Dixmont Hospital for the Insane; Dr. Nevin, a well-known bacteriologist, sailed with her two sons, who are in the ambulance corps; Dr. Ethel Heard, of Galveston, Tex., for seven years in charge of the pathological laboratory of the John Sealy Hospital, of the Teachers' Hospital of the University of Texas, and Dr. Esther Parker, of Cornell, who was the examining physician and medical adviser to the women of Cornell and vice-president of the Tompkins Medical Society.

Such is the far-reaching work at home and abroad of the women connected with the American Women's Hospitals.

When they sail from America they do not know their destination, save that they land in France and report in Paris to the Red Cross Headquarters. From the Red Cross they may be sent to any part of Europe where their services are most needed. Sometimes a group is sent out, but more frequently they go singly to do their work in the devastated regions of any of the invaded countries.

WAR-TIME THRIFT IN BRONXVILLE

By ELEN FOSTER

"Why single out Bronxville?" I can hear the good people of Tom'sville, Dick'sville and Harry'stown exclaim as they read this title. So lest I be suspected of knowing partiality or of having ulterior motives in extolling the virtues of this charming village I hasten to explain that I was not born in Bronxville, I do not live in Bronxville, I have no personal interest in Bronxville, and until I visited Bronxville last week I didn't know a soul who lives there nor had I ever set foot on its spotless macadam roads! So you see I have nothing up my sleeve and we can proceed to business.

Mind you, I do not doubt that there are scores of towns all over the country which are doing just as much to encourage thrift and economy and which probably are just as well organized for this work as Bronxville, only I just don't happen to know about them and I do know a wee bit about the work that is going on in Bronxville.

Moreover, Bronxville is the banner town of Westchester County, so far as thrift work is concerned and as Westchester County stands pretty nearly at the head of the list of the New York counties when it comes to the thrift campaign, I think I need say nothing more to justify my position.

For the benefit of those who may be as ignorant as I was I may say that Bronxville is a town of between 4,000 and 5,000 inhabitants, and if there is one man or woman or child in that number who is not working to the very best of his or her ability to help win this war then you can take it from me that that person is bedridden, paralyzed, deaf, dumb and blind!

Bronxville is like a battleship stripped of all luxuries and furbelows, with a perfectly organized and wonderfully trained crew standing alert and ready for action obeying implicitly without question the commands that come from headquarters. It is army discipline in Bronxville, obedience not only to the spirit but the letter of the law as well. If Mr. Hoover says no meat is to be eaten on Tuesday, not a scrap of meat goes out of the Bronxville market on that day. Furthermore, the idea of using Monday's left over beef on Tuesday and going without meat on Wednesday, because it is more convenient has no supporters in Bronxville—that beef can be kept over until Wednesday, for "orders are orders."

"Our own convenience has nothing to do with the food laws," said a member of the thrift committee, "this war isn't being run for our convenience. War time is not the time for men and women to pamper themselves, it is a time for strict cooperation and self-denial."

And so cooperation and self-denial it is from the highest to the lowest in Bronxville, with every one literally doing his bit and giving his bit and denying himself his bit. You never in all your life saw anything like it (except, of course, you understand, in Tom'sville or Dick'sville or Harry'stown); there are no drones in that hive, no slackers in that camp. The spirit of the place is wonderful; you feel the atmosphere at once.



Every Waster Is the Kaiser's Ally

Although Bronxville is working tooth and nail just at present on the Thrift Campaign it has been by no means behind hand in the other lines of war work. In fact war work in Bronxville began directly war was declared, with the formation of a local branch of the Red Cross and the preparation of Community Gardens. The latter were carried on by the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls, who sold the produce entirely to the townspeople, thereby netting a neat little sum, which was devoted to war relief work.

As for the Red Cross, this work has grown beyond all expectations, so that there are an average of sixty women a day working at its headquarters, and in December sixty thousand surgical dressings were sent to France as the result of one month's work. The Red Cross drive in Bronxville gathered in many more than its allotted number of recruits, and these included every last pupil in its big brick school-house, so that the school has been accepted by the Red Cross as an associate branch. Every Friday afternoon is given over to Red Cross work, the pupils choosing whatever kind of work they wish to do, and you would be surprised to see the little six and seven-year-old boys knitting away on mufflers of khaki wool, work which in times of peace would be classed as "sissyified," but which war has dignified and made a truly "manly" occupation.

And Liberty loans! Bronxville over-subscribed to the first quite a considerable sum, but when the second came along, without the slightest trouble or parley Bronxvillians (Goodness! It can't be that that is their proper title!) dove into their pockets and subscribed three times the allotted amount, which goes to show, doesn't it? that the war spirit is growing stronger the more that Bronxville is called upon to do.

The Motor Corps of the National League for Women's Service has a branch in Bronxville,

TO THE NEW VOTERS

Are you a woman living in Congressional District 21 or 22 in Manhattan or 7 or 8 in Brooklyn? If so, are you voting on March 5?

Did you register on February 22 and 23, and if you did not, do you realize that now you cannot vote? By a sin of omission, you actually cast a vote, whether you want to or not, to prove that the women of New York take their political opportunities lightly, or do not want them. If you failed to register it is too late now, but it is not too late to resolve that you will register the next time opportunity knocks at the door.

A special election may not be very inspiring, but we want to be sure that we poll every one of the registered voters as an evidence of interest and good faith, a proof of eager and intelligent shouldering of a new responsibility, big with possibilities for helpfulness.

"We" registered in a large room filled with veterans, the click of checkers and dominoes, and the fragrance of tobacco. We proudly announced our age, to the great embarrassment of the men assembled and the secret glee of ourselves. They had astutely picked a deaf veteran, one barricaded behind an almost impenetrable wall of silence, to ask the fateful question, "Your age, please?"

If you missed the opportunity of registering, you missed a new sensation and a rare treat, surcharged with local color in most places.

Let it not be said that the East Side is more eager to vote than the West. Here is to the polling of every woman's vote registered for the special election on March 5.

A. L. P.

the members of which are on daily duty at the new Catskill aqueduct.

The thrift work in Bronxville is under the direction in the first place of the Westchester County Food Committee, whose headquarters are at White Plains. The county was districted and a thrift committee formed in each district with a chairman who is known as "The Thrift Leader." These thrift leaders meet every month at the Courthouse at White Plains and form a consulting board. This consulting board receives orders and suggestions from the Food Administrator's office in Washington and passes these on to the committees of which each member is chairman. These thrift committees handled the Hoover campaign and food pledges and later distributed grocery cards, bearing the prices of staple goods, to every grocery store in the county, in general work such as this the various thrift committees follow out the same line of campaign, but when it comes to getting in touch

with the individual housewives and domestic helpers each thrift committee works out its own salvation.

The thrift committee in Bronxville recognized that success depended on a personal appeal to three distinct classes in the community, namely, the social leaders (I call them that for want of a better title), the servants and the children, and they set about to get in touch with these.

The "social leader" was asked to set the pace for war-time entertaining. She was asked to make war bread and war cake the fashion for afternoon teas; to abolish expensive entertainments and confine herself to simple dinners, little home dances and card parties, with the simplest sort of refreshments, and to cut out alcoholic beverages. And she fell into line immediately, with the result that the woman who serves white bread with the afternoon cup of tea, who gives six-course dinners or who provides salad and ice creams for her bridge club



Serving Our Guests Last

is as out-of-date as an anti-suffragist and as difficult to discover as the proverbial needle in the hay mow. And as for alcoholic beverages! I have only to aver that if that exclusive concoction which is known as the Bronx cocktail should ever dare show its face on its native heath it would only prove the truth of the old saying about a prophet in his own country. And it goes without saying that the pace set by Mrs. Social Leader is followed by every other woman in the community, and as Mrs. Social Leader has seen fit to adopt Mr. Hoover as her patron saint, one may safely predict that that gentleman's image will in time be enshrined in every kitchen in Bronxville.

The help which the children have given to the Thrift Campaign is incalculable. A great deal of this is attributed to the influence of Mr. Haff, the principal of the Bronxville school. Thanks to Mr. Haff that school is a perfect hotbed of patriotism, and it is perfectly evident that no child who imbibes that atmosphere for five hours every day is going to sit calmly by and see even the least important of our war food laws broken or ignored in its own family. Mr. Haff's latest scheme was the issuing on the 12th of January of thrift pledges. The child who signed this pledge promised not to buy candy, ice cream or soda for one month and to use the money thus saved to buy thrift stamps. The pledge was optional, but it was accepted by a very large majority of the pupils, and on Lincoln's Birthday, which marked the end of the month of abstinence, an honor roll made up of the names of those pupils who had kept the pledge was read at a public meeting.

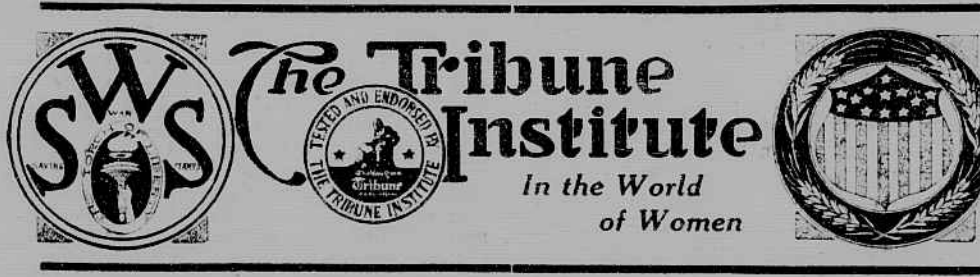
And right here I might say that in all its war work but particularly its thrift work the committee has the cooperation not only of the school but of the churches and clubs and the weekly newspaper. This paper, "The Bronxville Review," carries in every issue a column or more of what is called "Thrift News." This column is of great value to the campaign, as it

chronicles the events of the town bearing on the subject, gives the latest messages from Washington and prints a number of war recipes which have been tried and found satisfactory by Bronxville housewives. Sometimes a cook who has invented a particularly appetizing war-time dish is asked to contribute the recipe for this and she sees her name in print in "Thrift News." Can you understand what an incentive this is to all the other cooks to do likewise? Good propaganda this, and it works like a charm.

And this brings us to the third class to be reached and taught by the thrift committee—the servants. This is the most difficult of the three classes, for servants in Bronxville are not a whit different from those in New York and they are just as "set" in their ways and just as independent. Moreover they have the same inherent dread of being asked to economize, the same contempt for nut-margarine and the same suspicion deep down in their hearts that when the mistress suggests that they follow Mr. Hoover's suggestions in regard to saving one-third of a pound of animal fat per day she is "trying to put something over on them." It is only by careful explanations and the most tactful suggestions that the housewife can make any impression on her domestic helpers. A great deal has been accomplished by holding periodical meetings for both mistresses and servants at the local motion picture house. Short lectures on patriotism and thrift subjects are given, illustrated by moving pictures and these are followed by a general discussion. Speakers on these subjects also are sent to address the Gaelic and Finnish clubs, the members of which are domestic workers. The latest idea for propaganda, however, is the most spectacular and bids fair to be the most successful of them all. A moving picture has been taken in Bronxville, acted by Bronxvillians (I'm sure there must be another name for them!), the scenario of which was written by a Bronxville "woman, and I think we can safely affirm that "the day that the circus came to town" will seem like a London Sunday compared with the excitement that will thrill Bronxville when that picture is shown for the first time in its own "Movie Palace."

The scenario tells the story of a wasteful servant who gave no thought to thrift or economy until she receives a letter from her sweetheart, who is fighting for France, which tells of the shortage of food and the need for economy. From the moment that she reads that letter "Wasteful Winnie" is a changed woman. Not content with reforming herself, she sets out to reform the entire circle of her friends beginning with the servant next door. This neighbor is easily convinced of the error of her ways, and together they set out (having borrowed the family's motor car) to turn Bronxville into a veritable Hoover Heaven. Their visits to the various kitchens presided over by their friends give a splendid opportunity to teach lessons of cleanliness as well as thrift and economy. The grand finale of the picture is a mass meeting of Bronxville's domestic helpers and their employers all signing the new Hoover Food Pledge, with "Wasteful Winnie" beaming on the assembled multitude from her seat on the platform with a background of the Stars and Stripes!

And now, I ask you, has "Any-ville" done anything better than that?



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